



romise?
Promise

The Telekinesis Girl and Her Boyfriend by [ishiptoast](#)

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-08-18 00:41:44

Updated: 2019-08-24 16:16:53

Packaged: 2019-12-12 17:18:40

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,508

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "He's been in love with Eleven since the moment he laid eyes on her." A compilation of Mileven moments from all three seasons, alternating Mike & El's POVs. Multific. Lots of Mileven. Rated T for future make-out sessions and mild swearing. The usual Stranger Things style.

1. Meeting in the Rain

A/N: Hey guys, I'm really excited about this story. It's going to be a compilation of mileven moments (because I'm obsessed with them) from all three seasons, alternating between Mike and Eleven's POV. Basically it's going to be the scenes that I feel are crucial to their relationship, and that would benefit from looking at them more in depth. And just the ones I really want to write. :P

First chapter is the birth of Mileven (aka when they first meet in the rain)

"He's been in love with Eleven since season one, since the moment he laid eyes on her" -Finn Wolfhard

Mike's POV

The girl was shivering. That's the first thing that registered to Mike: not that her head was shaved, not that she was wandering alone in the forest, or that he had no idea who she was or why she was there. No, all Mike could think was that this girl was cold and probably needed help, so that's what he responded to.

"Are...are you okay?" He asked.

She was staring at him intensely, and Mike felt his heart rate start to increase. There was something...different about her, and he wasn't sure what it was. She ignored his question, but the fear etched in her eyes was answer enough. Mike turned to look at his friends, trying to figure out what to do. The girl was obviously scared and cold, and to Mike the answer seemed simple. Sure, this wasn't their plan, they were out there trying to find Will. But Mike wasn't about to just leave her.

"Let's take her back to my place," Mike said in a loud whisper. "She's clearly lost and needs help."

"Are you crazy?" Lucas shrieked at the same time Dustin muttered, "I don't know, man."

Mike just shook his head. "We'll figure out what to do once we get out of this storm. Come on." He left his friends and started to walk towards the girl, ending the debate before it could even start.

"Hey," he whispered when he reached her, trying to speak as calmly as possible. "Why don't you come with us, we'll get you out of the rain."

She was still shaking, but she gave him a slight nod. Mike, noticing her shivering, quickly took off his jacket and handed it to her with a small smile. "Here, this will keep you warm until we get to my house."

Again, she didn't say anything, but slowly reached for the jacket and put it on.

Mike looked back as Lucas and Dustin now stood behind him. "Let's go get our bikes. We'll come back to look for Will as soon as possible," he promised his friends.

With that, the three boys hiked back to the edge of the forest, with the silent girl trailing behind.

When they reached the roadblock where they had left their bikes, Mike pulled his up and motioned for the girl to get on. She looked up at him with large, wide eyes, then looked back at the bike, uncertainty written all over her face.

"It's okay," Mike murmured gently. "You'll be safe." He wanted to reassure her, to help her feel better. He wasn't really sure why he was feeling so protective of this stranger, and yet, despite not knowing anything about her, he knew that he wanted her to be okay.

At the word *safe*, she looked up from the bike and back at him, still shivering in the rain. Without a word, (Mike was beginning to wonder if she even could speak) the girl climbed onto the back of Mike's bike, and the four kids took off towards Maple Street.

As they rode, Mike's heart was pounding, though he told himself that it was due to the steepness of the hill they were on, and had nothing to do with the fact that a girl was sitting behind him with her arms

wrapped tightly around his waist.

Mike had a ton of questions he wanted to ask her, like who was she and was she in some kind of trouble? But he figured the interrogation could wait until they were back at his place, dry and warm. As desperate as he was to keep looking for Will, he had to admit his curiosity about this girl was peaked. Mike had a feeling it wasn't a coincidence that they found her alone in the woods in the same place that Will went missing. And if she had any connection to his disappearance, then he wanted all the answers he could get.

A/N: If you're wondering about the title of this story, it's from the interview where Finn was asked about his character, and what Mike would rename the series to if he could. Finn said "He'd probably spin it to something like 'Mike and Eleven' or something. 'The telekinesis girl and her boyfriend'". So there you have it.

Next chapter will be up soon. Let me know what you think!

2. Nicknames

"Nicknames are fond names. We do not give them to people we dislike." -Edna Ferber

Eleven's POV

Eleven was feeling overwhelmed.

In the past 24 hours she:

*Opened the gate to another dimension

*Escaped from the lab

*Ran away from Papa

*Watched the nice man, *Benny*, get shot

*Used her powers to kill several of the bad men

*Found three boys who took her in that were now in danger, because of her

It was a lot, to say the least.

Everything Eleven was experiencing was new. But if she was being honest, the unfamiliarity of everything, although frightening, brought a sense of something she craved: freedom. Here she was, in the basement of a stranger's house, listening to this boy talk about how she was safe now, that she didn't need to be scared anymore, and she believed him. She felt safe and protected, despite knowing that Papa was out there, looking for her. She'd never felt so liberated.

"Hey, um, I never asked your name," the boy with the pretty eyes said. He was looking at her with an intense gaze, and she could tell that he was confused about her. Her name. She looked down at her wrist, knowing this would be the easiest explanation. As she started pulling up her sleeve to show the boy her identity, his face lit up.

"Is that real?" He exclaimed, as he reached to touch her wrist. She flinched suddenly, bringing her arm back before he could touch it. It was a reflex; images of all the people who had hurt her popped into her head. And yet, a small part of her couldn't shake the feeling that this boy, the same boy who gave her his jacket and kept the door open *just like this*, would never, *could* never hurt her.

Surprise flashed across his face at Eleven's reaction. "Sorry, I've just... never seen a kid with a tattoo before." A *tattoo*? She wondered. He must mean her number. "What's it mean? Eleven," he continued, unfazed by her continued silence. She pointed to her chest, trying to get him to understand. 011. That's who she was.

"That's your name?" Looking into his eyes, Eleven could tell it was hard for him to understand. She nodded, not sure how else to explain to him who she was.

"Eleven. Okay. Um, well, my name's Mike. Short for Michael. Maybe we can call you 'El'. Short for Eleven."

El, she thought. It was definitely new. She had always been 011. The number. The experiment. But now was her chance to change that, to become something new. She looked up at the boy, Mike, short for Michael, and nodded, suddenly feeling a weight lift off her shoulders.

"Um, well, okay. Night El," Mike stuttered.

"Night Mike," She replied, liking the way it sounded to say his name, though she wasn't sure why. The blanket to the fort came down, and she could no longer see his face. Once she was alone, she allowed herself to fully let go of all the pent up emotions she'd been feeling, and with every clap of thunder rumbling outside her tears came harder and harder. She could put a brave face on all she wanted, but Eleven knew that more than anything, she was scared. But in that moment, there in the blanket fort with the nice boy with the pretty eyes just upstairs, she wondered if maybe, just maybe, everything would be okay.

A/N: I'm sorry it took so long for me to update. For whatever reason, this chapter was hard for me to write. You can expect

faster updates in the future. *fingers crossed* Also, I just wanted to say thank you to everyone who read chapter one. Getting your feedback really makes my day.